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# FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

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# FRANK FRAZETTA'S "The Egyptian Queen"

Exactly what kind of artist is Frazetta? Many consider him a fantasist and lock him into this small pigeonhole. Some derisively dismiss his efforts as mere illustration, never attaining the levels required by fine art. Both opinions are clearly incorrect. If one needs a description for what Frazetta accomplishes with a brush, we should refer to him as a Romantic Expressionist. An expressionist uses color simply for its emotional impact while a romanticist is known by his themes, e.g. heroic action, high adventure, sublime landscapes - dramatic tableaux charged with passion, wonder and horror. A strong realistic, representational approach conveys the subject to the viewer. Frazetta combines both attitudes by offering realistic images couched in an atmosphere of impressionistic and suggestive tints. Color establishes and reinforces the emotional impact of a Frazetta canvas.

The Egyptian Queen is a good example of Frazetta employing a romantic theme and giving it his own unique interpretative twist. Instead of painting a standard neo-classical scene with static, languid, heavily-draped bodies set in a lush interior abundant with nonstop detail (a la Gerome, Alma-Tadema, or Bouguereau), Frazetta organizes his composition as a moment of life-or-death drama. The Queen immediately captures our visual attention; she is *zaffig*, pliant and vulnerable. Frazetta paints a woman of Rubenesque proportion - round breasts and rounder belly. Traditionally, Frazetta favors lighting his compositions with a uniform carpet of light falling down on the figures. However, in this oil Frazetta chooses to cast a dramatic spotlight on the Queen and the pillar - virtuosic effects that resonate with historical influences tracing back to Rembrandt. The intimidating leopard and sword-bearing guard emerge from strongly suggestive shadows. Hints of green grace the Queen and the pillar providing strong evocative messages of mortality and imminent death. The dominant brown and umber tones reinforce the earthy quality of the setting.

Frazetta did have considerable difficulty in completing this painting. The original version, published on the cover to the Warren magazine *EERIE* #23, depicts the Queen with a rather forced and theatrical expression of fright. Frazetta was not happy with this obvious and conventional cliché. After much effort he finally achieved brushing-in a face with a far more subtle expression delicately combining the elements of shock, haughtiness, dignity and emerging fear. The Queen now had a psychological depth to match her sensuous texturing. This is a work of strong styling, emotional impact and unlimited suggestibility.

Is this illustration? This oil illustrates nothing except a single pulse of creative inspiration arising directly from Frazetta's deep imaginative resources. Frazetta's art transcends simple illustration in the same way Michaelangelo, Raphael and Rembrandt transcended bible illustration and elevated it to high art revered and respected throughout human history. Art is an honest expression of soul using line, color, figure and form as its instruments. The ultimate end of fine art is the expression of the truth in any artist's soul. Frazetta is a self-taught artist who creates from the heart. One never sees a stale, academic deadness in his work. Frazetta's soul *LIVES* in his art and the magic of art is that we can share in his wondrous gift. Frazetta's art enhances our lives and, as with all great enduring art, makes the world a richer, more satisfying place.

Dr. David Winiewicz



# The Horned God

## Boudicca's Tale



It was the year  
66 AD...

this is the tale  
of my queen...

...Boudicca.

The Roman De Causa, wrote:

"In stature she was very tall, in appearance almost terrifying, in the glance of her eyes most fierce, and her voice was harsh; a great mass of the woman's hair fell to her hips, around her neck was a large golden necklet, and she wore a tunic of diverse colours over which a thick mantle was fastened with a brooch."

This was how she looked. I shall tell you a bit of how she WALKED...

From New World Gods and Chthonian Gods...

Written  
by **JOE MARTIN**

by **RICHARD MANOVE**

Illustrated  
by **XAVIER**



Cesar's Roman machines had invaded the Isle of the Mighty with visions of adding it to her Empire, just as she had done with her cousin, the Greek.

What the Romans did not take by force they took by cunning. The Legions were adept at testing both methods.

It was on the trade road to Camulodunum that your story begins, little one.



If the Romans knew one was coming and had time to prepare, they were truly unconquerable. But my queen was clever, it not quick tempered, so was her right



she would in time, but I got torn out very close and the legion just had to fight there, to take over the town. Pippa called them. And I say that was an INDIGNITY to Pippa.



Brulaca had prepared very well, despite who on her side. FEAR was on her side. And, of course, it was our goddess, Andraste.



Andraste, the queen of battle, whom the Mighty gladdened with the stage of the cone and the sun.



Not one Roman lived that day. We made short work of them.



Boudica returned to Camulodunum after the battle. The Romans never knew that we had already razed the city.

It will be written in their precious BOOKS that my queen commanded great atrocities be done to the people there... sixty thousand of them. I say it was no less than fitting. They had slain ten fold more of your Kelin brethren and sisters.



She found the temple of Claudius in her liking and devoted it spared.



I remember how battle weary she was that day, but Boudica had fought well, as I knew she would. NONE of the blood that stained her skin and cloak was her own.

Yet, as I led her to the temple garden so she might rest, her eyes were deeply troubled. Once alone, her normal face of granite... crumbled. Her HORRORS had been plaguing her again.







It was this.

We were in mourning over the passing of the Iornien king, Budocca's husband, Prasutagus, when a company of pigs came to us. Given in hand, they presented a will that passed half of the kingdom over to Roman rule.

Budocca, of course, would not have it.

In her throne room, she refused them, saying: 'Whether Prasutagus left you the half or even the whole of it, I care not. Turn you from this place and go back to Rome -- that half that passed you -- or I'll not be accountable for the iron I'll leave in your belly.'

Budocca always had a way with words.



But it appears the Romans  
were misled. Blot my eyes  
for not being there that day!



A handful of women and a few  
old men were not enough to stop  
them from laying hands on our  
queen and trusting her up.



Then...they led  
in the children.

Virgin daughters of a dead king were  
as precious to the Roman mind as a  
trained army of foreign legionaries.



In their time, honored queens,  
they SCOURGED Brutus...



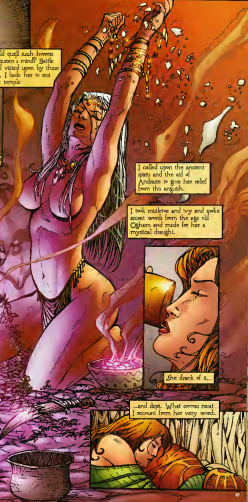
...and forced her to watch  
the SLAUGHTER  
of her own blood!



Their biggest mistake  
was leaving her alive.



What could quell such horrors  
from my queen's mind? Battle  
worn and visited upon by these  
nightmares, I bade her to rest  
within the temple.



I called upon the ancient  
spirits and the aid of  
Andaste to give her relief  
from this anguish.

I took rattle and ruy and spoke  
secret words from the age old  
Ogham and made for her a  
mystical draught.



She drank of it...

...and slept. What comes next  
I recount from her very words.



The world was no longer barren. It  
was green and gold and blue and radiant.  
The air was all flowers and honey.

I walked by a wood where I  
heard the laughter of children  
as I followed it.

Soon I came to a clearing where the  
canopy allowed golden sunlight to visit  
the earth and there I found a golden  
mound, high and marked with stones.

"And then I saw Him."



"Beautiful HU GADARN  
welcomed me and invited  
me into his beautiful world.

"He offered his hand and  
said, 'Come with me.'

"This land is mine.  
Let me show it to you.



"Something about his eyes  
and the rustle in the trees  
made me want to go with  
him. I took his hand.



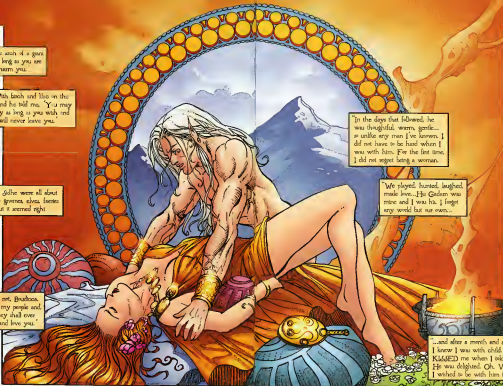
"We stood through the ash of a great  
wildfire as he said, 'As long as you are  
here, none shall ever harm you.'

"With touch and kiss on the  
wind he told me, 'You may  
stay as long as you wish and  
I will never leave you.'

"The Gölbe were all about  
us -- gnomes, elves, faeries  
-- but it seemed right.



"For them not, Boudoo.  
They see my people and  
like me, they shall ever  
adore you and love you.



"In the days that followed, he  
was thoughtful, warm, gentle...  
so unlike any man I've known. I  
did not have to be hard when I  
was with him. For the first time,  
I did not regret being a woman.

"We played, hunted, laughed,  
made love... His Gölbe was  
mine and I was his. I forgot  
any world but our own...

"...and after a month and a day,  
I knew I was with child. He  
KISSED me when I told him.  
He was delighted. Oh, Vondoo...  
I wished to be with him forever!



Those were the words Boadicea spoke to me after suddenly waking during the night. She was more broken than ever I seemed.



I was not for her as I listened and I held her in my arms when she began to weep.



Then she moaned and cradled her belly.



What happened next was nothing short of a divinity from the Goddess she had answered my prayer.

It appeared this Hu Gadum was NOT a dream, after all. When I explained myself to the queen, Boadicea smiled warmly and thanked me.



She named you after us both. She called you...

**BOADICEA.**





Under owd and peng I blessed you, child.  
Brydloc called you a divinity and the  
daughter of Ardabast herself! You lightened  
my queen's heart.



In the wee hours before the  
dawn, she had me above  
her nine greatest warriors and  
decreed I take you far from  
that place to a land where  
the Romans could never find  
or touch you.



She said, 'She is the hope of  
Isen... of ALL the people.'

I was loathe to ever leave my  
queen's side again, but when I  
held you in my arms, this I did

And her last words to me were:  
'We... tell her about me when she  
is old enough to understand. Tell  
her I love her.'

And then we left





I was to never see my queen again.

She entrusted her sword to the very next day, smelting and laying waste to two more Romanized cities, Londinium and Vindolana. Allied legions collected under the banner of Justina Paulina, Rome's latest savior of the day...

...while thousands of Kelts had joined Brutus's cause. I heard she gave a fiery speech, riding in her chariot from clan to clan, arming them and crying, "The gods are with us!"

And she would have known better than any.

...WOULD SHE NOT...  
...SHE SLEEPS...  
...SLEEP WELL, LITTLE BOY...

...sleep well...my queen

John  
Henderson

# JINN

STORY & ART BY  
BRIAN HABERLIN  
AND  
WHILCE PORTACIO

## FOREWORD

Ladies and gentlemen of the World Archeological Foundation, I appreciate this opportunity to relate my story. I know my findings are controversial to say the least, but please wait for me to finish and then I will gladly answer your questions.

The evidence I have recovered leads to one inescapable conclusion: that the myths and legends of our prehistory have their basis in hard fact. The artifacts and scrolls we see, as you will see, not really written in the conventional sense, but a product of prehistoric technology which surpasses our own.

According to the scrolls, there was a great battle which took place some 500,000 years ago between heaven and earth. It seems to cross most of the world legends and myths...the participants were Angels, Demons, Titans, Cyclops, Gods, and Jinn. In the bible it was the casting out...in Greek myth the war between the Gods and Titans...and it appears in countless different traditions with countless different names. They were all one and the same. The war between the gods.

And when it was over the losers...the Titans, Cyclops, and Jinn...were mostly destroyed, but some were made to pay penance. For example, the scrolls go into great detail about the Jinn. How they amongst all the others were closest to supreme power. The prehistoric technology we've found definitely indicates they could manipulate and convert matter into energy and back with the ability to reorganize matter on a molecular scale. They couldn't create something from nothing, but could change lead to gold...make that gold explode, etc. We found evidence of craters a mile across dating from the "WAR," and several physicists that I have spoken with say the energy release needed to create such a crater would be bigger than anything we have tested or used in our present day.

As their punishment, the Jinn were sentenced to serve mankind, but not with our fairy tale version of "three wishes." This was 'til death do us part. They were programmed by the victorious Angels to only use their miraculous powers if some poor human used the "I wish" command.

The Gods have been chained and put into the service of man.

An excerpt from a speech given by Damien Vargas, Ph.D. at Antioch University, July 23, 1998

IT FEELS LIKE A DIFFERENT TIME.  
THE PYRAMIDS' LONELY SENTINELS  
OF THOSE PAST.

THE SEARCH FOR THE PAST IN THE  
ARID HEAT OF DESERT DAY.

ON THIS GROUND STRODE  
CLEOPATRA, ALEXANDER,  
PERHAPS A CARGAR OR  
TWO, AND WHEN THE WIND  
BLOWS YOU CAN ALMOST  
HEAR THEIR VOICES.

BUT WE ALREADY KNOW THAT THEY WERE  
HERE. IT'S WRITTEN, CARVED-BEEN THERE.  
DIED, BURIED, DUG UP, AND PUT IN SOME  
DUSTY MUSEUM CASE.

WE DID TO DISCOVER THE BEFORE.  
WE DID FOR GLORY-FAME-GRANTS?

BUT MOSTLY IT SEEMS WE DID  
CATEGORIZE, LABEL, AND BOX AWAY



BUT IT'S NOT ABOUT THE DIGGING.  
IT'S ABOUT THE DISCOVERING.  
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.



PEOPLE THINK I'M AFTER THE PROVERBIAL WILD GOOSE-AND IN SEARCH OF HIS WHITE WHALE-I WAS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THEM

**VARGAS ON WILD GOOSE CHASE**

*Hyde is really all per page  
desires of an over ambitious  
man that the full wonderland. It's  
not the high, known in his back  
to the*

**ON PREHISTORIC**

Professor Gregory Hyde reports that in a discussion with Damon Vargas he continues



WE FOUND SOMETHING! SOMETHING BIG!

MUSIC TO A DODDER'S EARS-WE FOUND SOMETHING OR WHAT'S THAT? OR COULD THIS BE? BUT FOUND SOMETHING IS BY FAR THE BEST

WE WERE HERE TO SHOW THEM-SHOW THEM ALL! THAT WE ALL COME FROM PULCH OLSER STUFF. THAT THE WHISPERS OF OUR MYTH AND LEGEND HOLD THE RAS OF LONG FORGOTTEN TRUTHS.

AS WE WENT DOWN THE MAKESHIFT ELEVATOR WE TRAVELED BACK THROUGH THE MILENNIA OF STRATA.



WE WEREN'T HUNTING FOR SOME PREHISTORIC ANIMAL. WE WERE SEARCHING FOR OUR PREHISTORY

AND WE HET PAY DIRT-A HUMAN SKELETON. NOT SOME HALF-APR, BUT MODERN MAN. THE ONLY PROBLEM WAS WHAT WE FULLY EXCAVATED WAS JUST OVER FORTY FEET TALL WITH A SINGLE EYE SOCKET JUST ABOVE WHERE ITS NOSE WAS. WE FOUND THE IMPOSSIBLE. WE FOUND THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF A MYTH-AN HONEST TO GOD ENIGMA!



AT THE BASE LEVEL ANYTHING THAT LEFT ITS MARK WAS LIVING 500,000 YEARS AGO.

AND ALL I COULD THINK OF AT THE TIME WAS I WAGN'T GOING TO HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HUNTING FOR GRANTS IN THE FUTURE.

THAT WAS JUST  
THE BEGINNING OF  
THE IMPOSSIBLE.

WE FOUND A TEMPLE OF AN  
ARCHITECTURAL FORM NONE OF  
US HAVE EVER SEEN BEFORE  
AND WITHIN IT ROLLS UPON  
ROWS OF GOLDEN SCROLLS.



I BROKE THE SEAL ON ONE AND  
WAS DECEASED BY HISTORY.

SUDDENLY I WAS THERE, 500,000  
YEARS AGO LIKE IT WAS TODAY.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS  
SOME SORT OF VISUAL RECORD  
PERHAPS SOME SORT OF  
PREHISTORIC TECHNOLOGY.



BUT THEN THE MONSTER  
REACHED ACROSS TIME.



GO.

YOU ARE TO BE  
THE WITNESS.



WHAT??

TIME MATTERS NOT TO MY KIND.

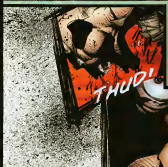
SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT BURIED.

FROM PAST TO  
THE PRESENT MY  
VISION CHANGES.

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM TANTIS, JEMM OF THE  
SPRINT ORDER, AND THIS  
IS THE BEGINNING OF THE  
END FOR NUMBER SIX.

A BART, SIXT



THE SIXTH PASTER OF MY BERRY.  
ROLAND, JINI OF THE MURDER ORDER.

FINISH IT!  
GOD DAMN IT!  
ROLAND!

HE CAN'T SAVE  
YOU.

THAT  
GOWARD!  
I HAVE HIM  
TRAPPED!

HE WILL!

ROLAND!

IT'S RIGHT HERE  
HARDY ARE NO MATCH  
FOR THE SPEEDY





BUT YOU ARE THE  
WITNESS—YOU  
FOUND THE SCROLL—  
YOU MUST SEE

WHO'S THAT?

THE WALKING DEAD—SHE WILL BE MURDER  
SEVEN. IT'S ALMOST TOO EASY NOW.

SOMETIMES I HAVE TO WAIT WILLIAMS  
FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO FIND ROLAND  
AND BECOME HIS MASTER.

SHE IS A COMMON THIEF—  
KAREN SUMMERS.

AND AS SOON AS SHE TOUCHES THE  
ROCK SHE'LL GUARANTEE HERSELF  
THE NEXT SPOT ON MY VICTIM LIST.

DON'T TOUCH IT!

OH, HOW CONSIDERATE... BUT I'M  
AFRAID SHE CAN'T HEAR YOU.

NOW, I'LL MAKE A LITTLE NOISE  
IN THE OTHER ROOM. I WANT  
HER TO WITNESS MY ARTISTRY.

HMM...  
I'D BETTER CHECK  
IT OUT.



BUT I DON'T  
SEE ANYTHING  
PROBABLY JUST  
KATS.



SPLOUGH!

YOU'RE A MONSTER!

I KNOW IT



GOOD JOB  
KAREN, YOU PICK  
A MURDER SCENE  
TO ROB!

OH, MY  
GOD! OH,  
MY GOD!

NOW, I'LL JUST SPILL  
IT OUT FOR HER

OH, SO CLOSE!

THEY JUST WIPED  
AWAY... BY NOTHING?

BY LESS THAN NOTHING. BY ROLAND. NOW THAT  
SHE TOUCHED THE ROCK SHE HAD FREED HIM.

DAMN-SURE  
MOVE KAREN  
MOVE.

REON



WHERE ARE WE NOW?

OUTSIDE THE BUILDING. THAT'S KAREN IN DISGUISE

SHE'S SMART

DON'T BET ON IT

HALT...OK, JUST SOME VAGRANT. GET OUT OF HERE!

AW, BUT THAT WON'T GIVE HER FROM ME. SHE IS ROLAND'S ARMY MASTER AND THEREFORE MY NUMBER SEVEN

BUT WHY MUST SHE DIE?

THAT WAS TOO CLOSE I THINK I GOT AWAY

JINN! I CANNOT KILL JINN! AND I WOULD KILL ROLAND WITH MY BARE CLAWS IF I COULD, BUT IT IS OUR LAW THAT IF A JINN! ALLOWS SEVEN OF HIS MASTERS TO DIE OF UNNATURAL CAUSES THEN THEY MUST TAKE THEIR OWN LIFE IN PYRRHOS

MURDER... ALL THIS JUST FOR MURDER?

NO, NOT MURDER. REVENGE! AND EMANCIPATION!

I CAN'T WATCH ANYMORE, IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HER TO-

THEN JUST DROP THE SCROLL, YOU HAVE SEEN ALL I NEED YOU TO SEE...FOR NOW



OH MY  
WAS THIS  
JUST A DREAM?  
AM I BACK?

NEED MY MACHINES OR I  
WILL DO TO YOU AND ALL  
YOUR KIN WHAT I DID TO SIX.

SURE YOUR FINDINGS  
OF US DESTROY IT  
AS I WILL GIVEN

AS SOON AS SHE  
UTTERS THE WORDS 'BE  
MINE' THEN ROLAND WILL  
OFFICIALLY BE HER JAIL  
AND I WILL BE HER DEATH

AND ONCE I'M DONE I'VE SWORN  
ANOTHER PLEDGE. WANT TO HEAR IT?



NOT  
REALLY

"I WILL KILL THE REST OF YOUR SPECIES. AND  
THERE WILL BE NO MORE RISK TO SERVE AND MY  
PEOPLE WILL FINALLY BE FREE! THAT IS SAVE MY  
AND YOUR KIN. OF COURSE. FOR YOU ARE TO BE  
THE WITNESS. BUT IF YOU DO NOT DO AS I SAY  
THEN YOU WILL BE AMONG THE FIRST TO SUFFER



???

BLOOD BROWN THE GROUND OF THE INNER EARTH AS THE VICTORS SURVEY THE AFTERMATH OF A HARD FIGHTED BATTLE.

THE PROFESSOR WAS A NOBLE MAN. THIS WAS NOT HIS FIGHT YET HE SACRIFICED HIS LIFE FOR ALL OF MANKIND.

# INFERNUS TERRA

PART VI - THE CONCLUSION

WITH A BLOOD-RED SKY AND A DEAD LAND, THE VICTORS SURVEY THE AFTERMATH OF A HARD FIGHTED BATTLE.

I KINDA TOOK A LYING TO HIM MYSELF.

TOUGH LITTLE FELLA.

LOOKS LIKE HE GOT THE EXPLOSIVES CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE TUNNEL TO EFFECTIVELY BLOW IT.



WE MUST MEET THE OTHERS TO SEE IF THEY WERE SUCCESSFUL AS WELL. FIND A STEED AND FOLLOW ME.

THE RENDEZVOUS POINT IS BEYOND THE ANECDOTE RIDGE. WE MUST RIDE WITH GRABBY. YOUR WILL RECEIVE THE NEWS QUICKLY.



WELL... EASY BABY... WE'RE GOING FOR A LITTLE RIDE. THAT'S ALL.

ANTICIPATION GLOWS THE HANDS OF TIME AS MINUTES SEEM LIKE AGOURS TO MEN WAITING TO SEE IF THEIR COMRADES ARE STILL ALIVE.



JUST LEAD THE WAY... I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE HOW MANY OF US ARE LEFT.



THE REARGUARD OF THE  
LIVING GRACE THE JACRON



GREETINGS  
JACOB IS THIS ALL  
WHO REMAIN?

I'VE SPOTTED  
A FEW OTHERS  
APPROACHING FROM  
THE WEST

THEY ARE  
FROM THE FOURTH  
AND LAST TIER  
ALL OF  
THE OTHER  
MOUNTAINS ARE  
ACCOUNTED FOR



WERE  
YOUR GROUPS  
SUCCESSFUL?  
ARE  
THE FLOWS  
CONTAINED?

ONE CITY  
WAS HIT?

THE  
TUNNEL WAS  
SO WELL DEFENDED  
OLD MEN WERE  
KILLED A CHANCE  
I SAW  
THE LINE SOON  
AFTER WE  
ATTACKED  
THE OTHER  
GROUP WAS  
EFFECTIVE AND THE  
DESTRUCTION OF THE  
SECOND CITY WAS  
IMMINENT



WELCOME  
LET US WELCOME  
MORE OF OUR KIND  
DID YOU SUCCEED  
MY FRIEND?

YES  
WE DESTROYED THE  
TUNNEL BEFORE THE  
FLOW COULD BE  
TAPPED



THAT'S IT...  
ALL BUT ONE OF THE  
TUNNELS HAVE BEEN  
DESTROYED  
THE LONG TUNNEL  
THAT WAS ACTIVATED  
IS NO LONGER  
A THREAT

THE CITY  
ABOVE IT MUST  
BE GONE  
YES  
AND NO OTHER  
TUNNELS TO  
ACTIVATE

AND MANY



YOUR  
CAN THREATEN  
YOUR WORLD  
NO LONGER  
HAS POWER  
IS GONE

WE MUST BE  
HELD ACCOUNTABLE  
FOR THE DESTRUCTION  
OF YOUR CITY AS WELL  
AS THE DEATH AND  
TORTURE OF MY  
PEOPLE



YOU HAVE  
SERVED YOUR PEOPLE  
WELL... THE OUTSIDE WORLD  
IS NO LONGER IN DANGER.  
YOU FOUGHT BRAVELY  
AND WITHOUT YOUR HELP  
MANY WOULD HAVE  
PERISHED

ALL IN A  
DAY'S WORK  
MY MAN...  
WE'VE HAD  
OUR OWN SLICE  
OF HISTORY  
DOWN HERE.  
AMERICA'S FINEST  
AREN'T AFRAID  
OF NOTHING



YOUR  
COURAGE WILL  
NOT BE FORGOTTEN  
THANK YOU FOR  
YOUR STRENGTH

YOU MEN  
CAN RETURN TO  
YOUR WORLD. I  
WILL FIND YOUR  
AND BRING HIM  
TO JUSTICE.

NOT  
WITHOUT US  
YOU WON'T!

GOT THAT  
RIGHT?




THERE'S  
STILL SOME  
FIGHTING  
TO DO...  
IT'S TIME  
WE GOT  
MERCENARY ON  
THIS F\*CKIN'  
SUCKER!

IT'S  
RIVER ON  
TIME!



YOU MEN  
HAVE THE HEARTS  
OF LIONS...  
YOUR  
HELP WILL BE  
REMEMBERED. WE  
MUST NOT  
DELAY.

IF YOUR  
KNOWS HIS TOMB  
IS SHATTERED, HE  
WILL ATTEMPT TO  
FLEE TO SAFETY.  
MOUNT YOUR  
STEEDS AND LET  
US RIDE!



DEFEAT IS AN UNFAMILIAR CONCEPT TO LORD YBRO. EVERY UNSUCCESSFUL TYRANT THROUGHOUT HISTORY HAS HAD TO FACE THIS MOMENT OF CLARITY.

ARE THERE ANY TUNNELS REMAINING TO ACTIVATE?

ONE TUNNEL HAS BEEN EFFECTIVELY ACTIVATED. ALL OF THE OTHERS WERE SABOTAGED AND DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.



SO... I HAVE NO MEANS OF DESTRUCTION AT MY DISPOSAL?

OUR HANDS OUR EMPTY...THE OUTSIDE WORLD CANNOT BE THREATENED.



WHATEVER DESTROYED OUR TUNNELS MUST KNOW THAT NONE REMAIN. WE MUST FLEE THIS PLACE. GATHER OUR STRENGTH AND PLOT OUR NEXT MOVEMENT.



GATHER YOUR WEAPONS AND HORSES. WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!

WE WILL MOVE TO THE CANYONS. I KNOW OF A SECRET PLACE FOR US TO RESIDE.







JUST AS  
I SUSPECTED...  
THEY ARE FLEEING IN  
OUR DIRECTION



THOSE ARE  
THE MEN WHO  
WOULD HAVE  
DESTROYED  
YOUR WORLD

THEY HAVE  
KILLED COUNTLESS  
NUMBERS OF MY  
PEOPLE

IT IS TIME  
TO MAKE THEM PAY  
THE PRICE FOR THEIR  
MURDEROUS  
WAYS.  
LET US  
ATTACK!



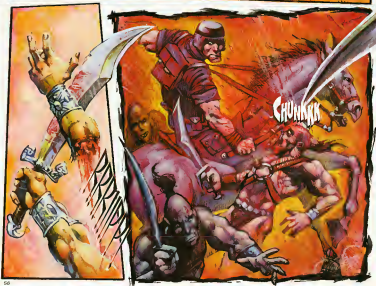
I WILL  
DEAL WITH  
YOU LATER.

FOR NOW WE  
MUST PUNISH THOSE  
FOOLISH FOR THEIR  
DISOBEDIENCE

I WILL  
FIGHT FOR  
MY LIFE, NOT  
YOURS

















KILL  
NOW--  
I ORDER  
YOU!



ENOUGH!!



ENOUGH  
YES!! I AM  
TIRED OF YOUR  
BELLOWING

AMBRASH!!



BROTHER  
WAIT! I WILL  
TAKE YOUR  
TO JUSTICE!



AMBRASH...  
THE RIGHTEOUS  
ONE... I WILL SHOW  
HIM ANOTHER  
TYPE OF  
JUSTICE.

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING??  
PUT ME DOWN  
IMMEDIATELY!!



YOUR  
WILL... IS MY  
COMMAND,  
MY LORD!



H. + 54K999

# The Emerald Seven

Part 4

## FOOM

Created and written by Greg Hildebrandt, Tim Hildebrandt, and Greg Hildebrandt, Jr.  
 Edited by Glenn Hedling • Lettering: Ken Lopez • Art Assistant: Mark Romanok

TRIFORUM  
 NOT HERE, LORD  
 SKULL!

GET THE  
 PIRATE SQUAD  
 INTO THE  
 SQUARE!

MOVE!

WHAT DO YOU  
 WANT  
 FROM US?!

I'M TAKING  
 THIS GIRL!

IF THE  
 TRIFORUM IS  
 NOT IN MY  
 HANDS BY  
 MORNING--

--SHE  
 WILL BE  
 EXECUTED--

--BUT NOT  
 BEFORE I'VE  
 HAD MY WAY  
 WITH HER!

YOU  
 BASTARD!

GET  
 HIM,  
 MEN!

HKAAAZAM!

OOF!

STOP!

OR I'LL  
 KILL HER  
 NOW!





I GOTTA  
TELL YA, KID, I  
WAS MIGHTY  
TEMPTED TO  
HOOK THAT  
THING!

I  
FIGURED.

WHAT DID  
YOU DO TO  
YOUR HAIR?!

**EEK!**

NOVA!

SKULL TAKE  
SAVARNON TO  
FORTRESS!

**BALL  
WEED--** YOU  
STAY HERE  
WITH THE  
TRIFORUM!

IT'S A  
TRAP!

TRAP OR  
NOT, I'VE GOT  
TO SAVE HIM!

LET'S  
GO!

**SKIN,**  
STAY  
WITH THE  
SHIP TILL  
WE GET  
BACK!

YOU  
GOT IT,  
BOSS!

FULL  
POWER!

**GO!!**





KKKZZAAM

AAARRGH!

WHERE IS  
THE  
TRIFORUM?!

YOU'LL  
NEVER FIND  
IT, BITCH!



SKULL  
MAKE HIM  
TALK!!



ZZZAAP

KABOOM

KABOOM

ZZZAAP

WHATT?!!



IT'S THE  
OLD EMERALD  
SEVEN SHIP!





MURDERING  
BITCH!  
YOU  
KILLED MY  
PARENTS!!



NOW I'M  
GONNA  
KILL YOU!!

COME ON,  
COME ON...



~GASP!~

GIVE  
ME THE  
TRIFORUM!!



NEVER!

THEN  
YOU'RE ALL  
DEAD!



AAARRGH!!





CHOPPER!

GET THEM  
OUTTA  
HERE!

BLAM  
BLAM  
BLAM



CHOPPER!  
QUICK!!

STIK!  
PULL 'EM  
UP!!

LET  
THEM  
GO!

I GIVE  
THE  
ORDERS  
HERE!  
SKULL  
GET  
CHOPPER!







click  
click

MY GUN  
DON'T  
WORK!!

STIK!  
HOIST US  
UP!

BLAM  
BLAM

TORTURA  
YOU  
AND  
THE BRAIN  
ARE  
FINISHED!

I'LL HUNT  
YOU DOWN,  
NOVA!

MARK MY  
WORDS!

I'LL GRIND  
YOUR  
BONES!!



CHICK!  
DO IT!

DROP  
THE  
BOYB!



AYE,  
CAP'N!

CLICK



# BADABOOM!



CAP, BLADE'S SHIP IS GONE!

WITH THE TRIFORUM!

WHAT?! MY SHIP?!



IT'S HEADED FOR THE DARK RIFT!

SKIN! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

WE'LL NEVER GET THERE ON TIME!



IF HE ENTERS THE RIFT WE'LL LOSE THE TRIFORUM FOREVER!



BLADE, YOUR SHIP HAS A SELF DESTRUCT--

YEAH, I CAN DETONATE IT FROM HERE!



THE  
END--OF  
CHAPTER  
ONE

CLUNK



CLANG  
CLANG CLANG

WELL, MY LITTLE PETS,  
YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING LONG  
ENOUGH. IT'S TIME TO  
WAKE UP!

VERY GOOD.  
EXCELLENT WORK.  
AN ARTIST COULDN'T  
DO BETTER.

OF COURSE,  
IT LACKS THE FINAL  
TOUCH...

BUT  
THAT'S UP  
TO ME.

Writter: screenplay  
Pencil art  
Colors: Salvador Lladro

shokk presents:

ROSS  
IS BACK!  
IN TOWN!





ARE YOU  
RAISST?

IT DEPENDS.  
WHO'S LOOKING  
FOR HIM?

LORD DANIEL  
HAS A PROPOSAL  
FOR YOU. HE WANTS YOU  
TO BECOME THE LEADER  
OF HIS NEW ARMY.

NOT  
INTERESTED.  
YOU CAN TELL YOUR  
BOSS THAT NOBODY  
RULES RAISST.

TIME  
TIME

WELL,  
MAYBE WE  
CAN TALK MORE  
ABOUT THAT.



YES, SIR.  
THE ARMY IS  
ALREADY ON IT'S  
WAY TOWARDS  
LORD DRYE'S  
TOWER...



WELL...



IF PRINCESS  
LISA CAN'T BE MINE  
THEN **NOBODY** WILL HAVE  
HER. **ALTHOUGH** SHE  
IS MY ONLY LOVE...



I WANT  
YOU TO GO TO HELL.  
I WANT YOU TO DISAPPEAR.  
HER SO NO MAN SHALL EVER  
SEE. THE PUNISH I'VE  
COME TO ENJOY...



I'VE  
DECIDED TO  
LIVE IN  
HELL...





OF THE  
ADVANTAGE OF OUR  
ENEMY WAS JUST IN THE  
NUMBER OF SOLDIERS. I  
WOULDN'T BE THAT WORRIED.  
I HAVE MANY SOLDIERS  
MYSELF.



BUT THE ARMY  
WE ARE GOING TO  
FACE IS PITILESS, POOLISH,  
UNPREDICTABLE AND  
ONLY INTERESTED IN  
DESTROYING AND  
KILLING.



THAT'S WHY  
I NEED PEOPLE WHO  
REASON JUST LIKE ME  
AND YOU'RE THE BEST  
IN THAT FIELD.



YOU'RE FAMOUS  
IN ALL THE LANDS  
FOR YOUR BAD-TASTE  
AND YOUR  
ARRAIGANCE.



I'VE  
GATHERED AN ARMY  
OF MERCENARIES AND  
I WANT YOU TO  
LEAD IT.



I WILL  
GIVE YOU **WHATEVER**  
YOU WANT IF YOU AGREE  
TO PUSH BACK THAT HORDE  
OF DEMONS AND SAVE  
MY DAUGHTER FROM  
THAT FOOL OF  
LORD BAYLER.



I WANT  
A TOWER, SIDE BY  
SIDE WITH YOURS, AS TALL  
AS YOURS. YOUR THAT'S RIGHT  
I WANT NO... I WANT IT TALLER,  
**ONE FLOOR  
TALLER!**



**WHAT?!**



GIVE ME MY  
POWER AND I'LL LEAD YOUR  
RUND OF MERCENARIES AND  
PROTECT THE LIFE OF  
YOUR DAUGHTER.



THEY'RE NOT  
PEOPLE WHO ACCEPT TO  
BE LED BY ANYONE. THEY JUST  
RESPECT THE STRONGEST AND  
I AM THE STRONGEST.

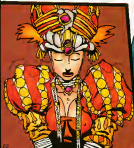


**SO?**



THEY'RE  
GETTING CLOSER.  
NO MORE THAN  
TWO DAYS MARCH  
FROM HERE.



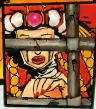






YOU'LL  
HIDE IN HERE UNTIL  
THE END OF THE BATTLE.  
WHEN I HAVE KILLED ALL  
THOSE MONSTERS I'LL COME  
HERE AND FREE  
YOU MYSELF.

I'LL BE  
ANXIOUSLY  
WAITING FOR  
OUR REUNION  
MY LOVE









HELLO  
RAISS, DO YOU  
REMEMBER  
ME?



YEAH, I MIGHT  
REMEMBER...



YOU MUST  
BE THE LEGENDARY  
RAISS I'M HERE TO  
CHALLENGE YOU!



I MIGHT  
REMEMBER CUTTING  
YOUR HEAD CLEAN  
OFF!



YOU WON'T BE  
AN ARROGANT AFTER  
I'M FINISHED  
WITH YOU!



WHEN HE COMES HERE TO TAKE  
ME AWAY I'LL GIVE HIM THIS HAT  
AS PROOF OF MY LOVE. THEN  
WE WILL GET MARRIED WITH OR  
WITHOUT THE APPROVAL OF MY...









# Enchantment

*an excerpt by*

**Orson Scott Card**

As one of the most consistently exciting writers to emerge in the last twenty-five years, Orson Scott Card has been honored with numerous awards, immersing readers in dazzling worlds only he could create. Now, in *Enchantment* Card works his magic as never before, transforming the timeless story of *Sleeping Beauty* into an original fantasy brimming with romance and adventure.

The following excerpt from *Enchantment* describes Ivan Smetski's first encounter with a mysterious beauty.

"This is the rodina, the original homeland," Father told him. "Where the old Slavs hid while the Goths passed through, and the Huns. And then they were gone and we fanned out into the plain and left these hills to the wolves and bears." Our land. Father still thought like a Russian, not like a Jew.

What did Vanya care, at his age, about the original Russia? All he knew was that the country roads went on forever without traffic, and with grass growing where the wheels didn't make their ruts; and the trees grew large and ancient in the steep-sided hollows of the hills where no one had bothered to cut them down; and birdsong didn't have to fight to be heard above honking cars and roaring engines. Someone had spilled a milkpail of stars across the sky, and at night when there was no moon it was so dark you could bump into walls just trying to find the door of the house. It wasn't really wild country, but to Vanya, a city boy, an apartment dweller, it was a place of magic and dreams, like the painting of Shoshkin; Vanya half-expected to see bear cubs in the trees.

This was the place where all the fairy tales of his childhood must have taken place—

—the land of Prince Ivan, the grey wolf, the firebird; of Koschees the Deathless, of Mikola Moshalski, of Baba Yaga the witch. And, because he came here about the same time as his first reading of Torah, he also pictured the wanderings of Abraham and Jacob and the children of Israel in this green place. He knew it was absurd—Palestine was hot and dry, the Sinai was stone and sand. But couldn't he picture the sons of Jacob coming back from herding sheep in these hills, to show their father the torn and bloody many-colored coat? Wasn't it from these hills that Abraham charge forth to do battle for the cities of the plain?

He couldn't fly here, either, but he could run until he was so exhausted and lightheaded that it felt as if he had flown. And then he grew bolder, and left the roads and tracks, searching for the most ancient and lost parts of the forest. Hours he'd be gone, exploring, until Mother grew worried. "You fall down a slope, you break your leg, nobody knows where you are, you die out there alone, is that your plan?" But Father and Mother must have discussed it together and decided to trust in his good sense and perhaps in the watchfulness of God, for they continued to allow him his freedom. Maybe they were simply counting on the visa to come and get him back to some American city where they could hide in their apartment from the gangsters' bullets.

If the visa had come one day earlier, Vanya wouldn't have found the clearing, the lake of leaves.

He came upon it in the midst of a forest so old that there was little underbrush—the canopy of leaves overhead was so dense that it was perpetually dusk at ground level, and nothing but a few hardy grasses and vines could thrive. So it felt as if you could see forever between the tree trunks, until finally enough trunks blocked the way or it grew dark and murky enough that you could no longer see beyond.

The ground was carpeted with leaves so thick that it made the forest floor almost like a trampoline; Vanya began loping along just to enjoy the bouncy feel of the ground. Like walking on the moon, if the Americans really had landed there. Leap, bounce, leap, bounce. Of course, on the moon

there were no tree limbs, and when Vanya banged his head into one, it knocked him down and left him feeling weak and dizzy.

This is what Mother warned me about. I'll get a concussion, I'll fall down in convulsions, and my body won't be found until a dog drags some part of me onto somebody's farm. Probably the circumcised part of me, and they'll have to call in a moyle to identify it. Definitely the boy Izak Shlomo—on your records as Ivan Petrovich Semetski. A good runner, but apparently not bright enough to look out for trees. Sorry, but he was too stupid to go on living. That's just the way natural selection works. And Father would shake his head and say, he should have been in Israel, where there are no trees.

After a while, though, his head cleared, and he went back to bounding through the forest. Now, though, he looked up, scouting for low limbs, and that's how he realized he had found a clearing—not because of the bright sunlight that made the place a sudden island of day in the midst of the forest twilight, but because suddenly there were no more branches.

He stopped short at the edge of the clearing and looked around. Shouldn't it be a meadow here, where the sun could shine? Tall grass and wildflowers, that's what it should be. But instead it was just like the forest floor, dead leaves thickly carpeting the undulating surface of the clearing. Nothing alive there.

What could be so poisonous in the ground here that neither trees nor grass could grow here? It had to be something artificial, because the clearing was so perfectly round.

A slight breeze stirred a few of the leaves in the clearing. A few blew away from the rise in the center of the clearing, and now it looked to Vanya as if it was not a rock or some machine, for the shape under the leaves undulated like the lines of a human body. And there, where the head should be, was that a human face just visible?

Another leaf drifted away. It had to be a face. A woman asleep. Had she gathered leaves around her, to cover her? Or was she injured, lying here

so long that the leaves had gathered. Was she dead? Was the skin stretched taut across the cheekbones like a mummy? From this distance, he could not see. And a part of him did not want to see, wanted instead to run away and hide, because if she was dead then for the first time his dreams of tragedy would come true, and he did not want them to be true, he realized now. He did not want to clear the leaves away and find a dead woman who had merely been running through the woods and hit her head on a limb and managed to stagger into the midst of this clearing, hoping that she could signal some passing airplane, only she fell unconscious and died and . . .

He wanted to run away, but he also wanted to see her, to touch her; if she was dead, then to see death, to touch it.

He raised his foot to take a step into the clearing.

Though his movement was ordinary, the leaves swirled away from his foot as if he had stirred a whirlwind, and so his shock he realized that this clearing was not like the forest floor at all. For the leaves swirled deeper and deeper, clearing away from his foot to reveal that he was standing at the edge of a precipice.

This was no clearing, this was a deep basin, a round pit cut deeply into the earth. How deep it was, he couldn't guess, for the leaves still swirled away, deeper, deeper, and the wind that had arisen from the movement of his leg carried them up and away, twisting into the sky like a pillar of smoke.

If that was a woman lying there, then she must be lying on a pedestal arising from the center of this deep hollow. Women who bumped their heads into tree limbs did not climb down a precipice like this and climb up a tower in the middle. Something else was going on here, something darker. She must have been murdered.

He looked at her again, but now many of the leaves that had blown up from Vanya's feet were coming to rest, and he couldn't quite see her face. No, there it was, or where it should have been. But no face now, just leaves.

I imagined it, he thought. It was that leaf—I thought it was a nose. There's no woman there.

just a strange rock formation. And a pit in the middle of the forest that filled with leaves. Maybe it was the crater from an old meteor strike. That would make sense.

As he stood there, imagining the impact of a stone from space, something moved on the far side of the clearing. Or rather, it moved under the far side of the clearing, for he saw only that the leaves began to churn in one particular place, and then the churning moved around the circle, heading toward him.

A creature that lived in this hollow, under the leaves like a sea serpent under the waves. A terrestrial octopus that will come near me and throw a tentacle up onto the shore and drag me down under the leaves and eat me, casting only my indigestible head up onto the center pedestal, where it would eventually lure some other wanderer to step off into the pit to be devoured in his turn.

The churning under the leaves came closer. In the battle between Vanya's curiosity and his morbid imagination, the imagination finally won. He turned and ran, no longer bounding over the forest floor, but trying to dig in and put on speed. Of course this meant that his feet kept losing purchase as leaves slipped under them, and he fell several times until he was covered with leafmold and dirt, with bits of old leaves in his hair.

Where was the road? Was the creature from the pit following him through the forest? He was lost, it would turn to night and the monster would find him by his smell and devour him slowly, from the feet up . . .

There was the road. Not that far, really. Or he had run faster and longer than he thought. On the familiar road, with the afternoon sun still shining on him, he felt safer. He jogged along, then walked the last bit to Cousin Marek's farm.

Vanya never got a chance to tell about his adventure. Mother took one look at him and ordered him to bathe immediately, they'd been searching high and low for him, there was almost no time to

all to get ready, where had he been? The visas had come through suddenly, the flight would leave in two days, they had to drive tonight to get to the train station so they could get to Kiev in time to catch the airplane to Austria.

Eventually, when they had time to relax a little, sitting on the plane as it flew to Vienna, Vanya didn't bother to tell them about his childish scare in the woods. What would it matter? He'd never see those woods again. Once you left Russia there was no going back. Even if you had left a mystery behind you in the ancient forest. It would just have to live on in his memory, a question never to be answered. Or, more likely, the memory of a childish scare that he had worked himself into because he always imagined such dramatic things.

By the time the plane landed in Vienna and the reporters flashed their lightbulbs and pointed TV cameras at them and the officials inspected their visas and various people descended on them to insist that his parents go to Israel as they promised or to inform them that they had the right to do whatever they wanted, now that they were in the free world—by this point, Vanya had persuaded himself that there was never a human face in the clearing, the pit was not as deep as he imagined, and the churning of the leaves had been the wind or perhaps a rabbit burrowing its way through. No peril. No murder. No mystery. Nothing to wonder about.

No reason for it to keep cropping up in his dreams, haunting his childhood and adolescence. But dreams don't come from reason. And even as he told himself that nothing had happened in the woods that day, he knew that something had happened, and now he would never know what the clearing was, or what might have happened had he stayed.

## END OF PART ONE

*an excerpt by*

**Orson Scott Card**

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